SAMPLE

The Dragging Punisher

The Personality for Which Consequences Are a Vocation

Aiman Sterling

Free sample: Chapter 1

putrabooks.github.io

Buy the full book:

Payhip

Carousell

Lulu

Contents

Chapter 1: The First Glance — the Dragging Punisher at a Party

Chapter 2: The Core — the Engine of the Ledger

Chapter 3: The Tell — Reading the Room Like an Audit

Chapter 4: The Craft — the Practice Years

Chapter 5: The Limits — the Honest Boundaries of the Ledger

Chapter 6: The Dark Side — the Shadow

Chapter 7: The Natural Habitats

Chapter 8: The Dragging Punisher in Love and Friendship

Chapter 9: The Dragging Punisher Among the Other Types

Chapter 10: The Final Audit — the Consequence Kept, the Pleasure Audited, the Self Released

Afterword

Chapter 1: The First Glance — the Dragging Punisher at a Party

The Telltale Manner

At the party, the tell is the exact figure, recalled years later, of the thing that was never settled — and the file's first finding is how quickly the room's temperature drops when it arrives. Someone mentions an old colleague, a company that folded, a cousin who moved away — and the Punisher, who has been nursing a drink and contributing warm, ordinary sentences for an hour, sets the glass down with a click that belongs to a different century: "He still owes the partnership forty-one thousand. People think the bankruptcy closed it. Bankruptcy closed the company; it did not close him." The laughter that was in the air has nowhere to go. The host changes the subject; the Punisher allows it, benignly, the way a judge allows a recess — and the file notes what the guests note, and file what the guests file: this is not a grudge. A grudge is emotional, hot, and embarrassing. This is an account. It is kept cool, kept current, kept accruing.

The manner to watch is the unhurried pull. The Punisher does not rant. There is no tremor in the recall, no flushed face, no clenched jaw — the recall is audited, date-stamped and sourced, delivered in the flat pleasant voice of someone reading from a ledger that happens to be always open. Ask about the old wrong and the answer arrives organized: the year, the amount, the promise, the breach, the two attempts at remedy, the silence that followed. This is the first-glance read of the type: the person who remembers not because the memory hurts but because the entry is still open — and the file's early warning to the reader: do not confuse the calm with closure. The calm is the patience of a pursuit. Nothing has been dropped. The file was never closed. It has simply been carried.

The Backstory Signature

The signature in the past is the escaped wrong — and the founding, assembled across a hundred case files, is always a variation on one architecture: consequence refused at the door. The deed done — the money taken, the lie believed, the harm delivered — and the world, which should have held the door, held it open: the bully transferred quietly to another school with a clean file; the trustee who vanished with the congregation's roof fund, the congregation paying for the roof twice and the man paying for nothing; the parent who broke a family and drove three towns over and started a second one, unremarked; the fraudster the town watched skip away while the wronged party kept paying the interest. In every founding the same cast: a wronged party, a wrongdoer, and a world that filed the case away — the school that called it handled, the neighbors who called it a shame, the relatives who called it best

to move on, the adults who meant well and offered the child the only sentence the child would spend a lifetime refusing: it's over now.

And the child — sometimes the wronged party, more often the child of one — did not accept the amnesty the world granted on the wrongdoer's behalf. The child made the observation that became the engine's blueprint: the running did not end the matter; it only moved the matter out of everyone's sight, and everyone mistook the silence for the ending. From that observation, the vow — never spoken, occasionally written in a diary and torn out, always installed: somebody has to keep the books. Somebody has to stay on the page until the entry balances. The signature, in one line the type will recognize: you can name the exact wrong that walked away unpunished — the date, the door, the face — and you can name the moment you decided, on behalf of a world that had already moved on, that you were the one who would not.

The Childhood Album

The album opens on a child who photographs older than the other children in this catalog — there is something of the clerk in every frame, something of the bailiff.

In the first photograph, the family at the kitchen table, homework spread out — and the child's notebook, if the reader looks closely, has two sections: the schoolwork, and behind it, ruled and dated, a second list. The borrowed game never returned. The apology owed by the cousin. The twenty from the class fund. The album's first finding: the child kept records where other children kept resentments — and the difference is everything, because a resentment fades and a record compounds.

In the next photograph, the child at the television — the courtroom shows, the true-crime documentaries, watched not as entertainment but as instruction: the child learning, with an attention the teacher never got, what consequence looks like when it finally arrives, taking notes on sentences and restitution and the faces of the caught. The recurring figure in the album's background, the file must note, is the docket: the case that never closed, the parent's unfinished lawsuit, the family's wound — visible in every frame as the reason the camera is pointed where it is pointed.

And the photograph the album saves for last is the one nobody in the family chose to keep — the child at the window, watching the road the wrongdoer left on, and the face is not crying; it is waiting. The file's caption, entered with care: this is not trauma frozen; this is a career decision, made at an age when other children are deciding what to be. The child is deciding what to be about.

The Type at a Glance

Energy: Low-heat, long-burning — the type runs on patient attention rather than passion: the fuel is the open entry itself, and it does not flare; it accrues. The Punisher is never urgent in the way the urgent types of this catalog are urgent — the pursuit is unhurried because it is certain, and the file's quiet finding: the energy is so even, so unperturbed by years, that it reads as calm, and is mistaken for peace, when it is actually continuity — the flame under the pot never varied, and the pot has been on

the stove for thirty years.

Ambition: Ledger-shaped — the goals on file are not careers but closures: the case opened, the wrong righted, the entry balanced; and the file's blunt finding: the professional success — the audit practice, the compliance career, the long litigation — is not the ambition but the vehicle; the ambition is the sentence the world never delivered, and the type has been drafting it, in private, since the window.

Vanity structure: The unshakable reputation — the quiet, total pride in being the one who does not forget: "ask him; he keeps track"; and beneath it the founding's arithmetic: everybody else moved on; I stayed — which means the case lives only in me, and my value is the case's custody. The trap, the file enters with care: the pride of the keeper is the case's finest insurance policy, because the keeper who is proud of keeping cannot close what they keep.

Loyalty: To the wronged — the file must enter this line in full, because it is the type's best entry: the Punisher shows up for victims the way the Guardian shows up for posts — the neglected parent's paperwork done, the swindled neighbor's complaint drafted, the friend's case researched at midnight, free, for years. The ledger is cold; the loyalty that built it was not, and everyone who has been on the right side of the type's attention has been, without knowing it, defended.

Weakness: The unclosable — cannot accept the world's amnesty, cannot let the entry rest, and — the file's harder line — cannot be argued out of the pull: tell the Punisher it is over and you will be classified, gently, with the world that called it handled. The weakness is structural: the engine runs on the open loop, and the type's relief is always deferred, always one more paper away.

Unspoken need: To be free of the ledger — to find out, before the last entry, what the self is when no case is open; the need beneath every audit, never once spoken in a hundred files: the ledger was carrying me, not the other way around — and if the books ever balanced, I would have to learn, at this late date, who stands here without them.

The Type in Five Situations

At the party: the exact figure, recalled years later, of the unsettled thing — the tell above, the temperature drop, the recess granted. The Punisher at a party is warm until an old wrong walks through the conversation, and then the room meets the ledger — and the file's note: the guests call it bitter; the file calls it punctual.

In a new job: the hire who finds the fraud in week three — not by brilliance but by reading the ledger nobody else wanted to read: the old audit, the unexplained variance, the file marked resolved by someone who did not resolve it. Colleagues are grateful and unnerved in equal parts; the file's finding: the type was not hired to close old cases, and closes them anyway, because the open entry is the only thing the type cannot walk past, and every workplace has one, and the new job has just met its auditor.

Under pressure: magnificent — the one situation where the type is fully itself. Crises are due process: the Punisher in the emergency is calm, sourced, procedurally precise, and utterly without panic, because the type has been rehearsing the reckoning since the window. The pressure drops and the Punisher is still standing in the wreckage with the notebook open, and the file's honest note: this is the self's finest hour and its most revealing — the calm proves the type was built for the moment things break.

In a boring meeting: the open item surfacing — the agenda item everyone else has skimmed past, the "carried over" line that has been carried for four quarters, and the Punisher's hand going up with the patience of a tide: "before we move on — this has been open for two years. Who owns it?" The meeting squirms; the item gets an owner; and the file's dry note: this is the type's hobby — the closing of what others would quietly let die of neglect.

On holiday: the toast with the accounting in it — the family dinner where the year is reviewed, and the review is balanced, and warm, and true — except for the one clause the family could have predicted: the matter of the relative, the parcel, the promise, still open, mentioned in passing, with a passing that has weight. The family calls it the moment he ruins Christmas; the file calls it the moment he is most himself: the holiday is a quarter's end, and the type has never once let a year close unreviewed.

Not to Be Confused With

The Solitary Contender (Volume 41) shares the long game and lives, like the Punisher, inside one pursuit. The difference is what the pursuit is for: the Contender chases the rival to become sharper — the rival is an instrument, the contest a whetstone, and when the contest ends the Contender needs a new rival. The Punisher chases the wrongdoer to see the account balanced — the wrongdoer is not an instrument but a debtor, and when the account balances the case, in the type's honest intention, ends. The Contender's loop refreshes; the Punisher's loop closes — or was built to. The confusion is dangerous in one direction only: never ask the Contender for justice, and never ask the Punisher for a rematch.

The Tireless Workhorse (Volume 42) shares the decades-long obligation and the manner that never complains. The difference is the direction of the debt: the Workhorse pays — carries, covers, absorbs, the type's whole life a settling of accounts on the owing side; the Punisher collects — the same stamina, the same patience, the same unglamorous decades, pointed at the owed side. The Workhorse cannot rest while something is owed by the self; the Punisher cannot rest while something is owed to the world. They are the ledger's two halves — and the file's wry note: they marry each other with surprising frequency, and the marriage works until one of them tries to audit the other.

The Field Check, Refined — the Open-Case Tell

The party file needs one more instrument, because the type's manner defeats every

ordinary check — composure is half the catalog's party manner, and the file kept misfiling the related types — and the refined check is the record's most reliable: the open-case tell. Do not watch the type; watch the conversation end. The census's party logs, run across a hundred evenings, converge on one observance the fieldworkers have learned to wait for: mention, in passing, an unresolved wrong — the cousin who was cheated and settled quietly, the colleague who got away with the expense account, any escaped deed, any waiver, any amnesty — and watch the type's return question. The ordinary composed types receive the story with the standard equipment: sympathy, a headshake, a subject change. The Dragging Punisher returns the case number — the record's term for the reflex the check isolates: the follow-up that is not consolation but docketing — "did he ever pay it back," "what did the company do," "and the sister just let it stand?" — three questions deep, each one taking testimony, the fieldworker's key observance: the temperature does not rise. The interest is unhurried, patient, decades deep — the chase's own signature applied to a stranger's anecdote. And the second observance, the one that settles the identification past appeal: the refusal of the settlement. Offer the ordinary resolutions — "at least it's over," "she's moved on," "best to leave it" — and the type's answer, delivered without heat, is the tell's whole finding, logged verbatim across a hundred parties in the census's files: "it isn't." Not an argument. A status entry — the type informing the room, gently, that the room's ledger is wrong: the matter the world filed as closed is, in the books this person keeps, open — and the fieldworker's closing annotation on the test is the chapter's refined instrument: every other type lets the ended thing end; this type is the only constitution in the catalog for whom an unresolved wrong stays at room temperature for decades — and the census's dry closing note: the check never fails, because the tell never rests; the party guest who says "it isn't" to a settled anecdote is not making conversation. They are entering it.

Chapter 2: The Core — the Engine of the Ledger

Every archetype on this shelf runs on a solution found in childhood, and the Dragging Punisher's is the only one that looks like bookkeeping. Not the bookkeeping of money — the bookkeeping of consequence: the child's discovery that the world's ledgers are kept badly, by people who close the page when the counting gets uncomfortable, and the child's decision to keep one properly. The engine has three parts, and the file enters them the way the type would: in order.

The first part is the open entry. The founding wrong was never resolved — not by punishment, not by restitution, not by the world's attention; it was resolved only by distance: the wrongdoer moved, the school graduated, the neighbors forgot. What the child learned — the lesson that became the engine's fuel — is that an unresolved wrong does not disappear; it merely loses its witnesses. The child appointed itself the witness that would not be lost. The open entry is the engine's fuel line: as long as the entry stays open, the self has a function — the keeper, the one who remembers, the last office holder of a matter the world abandoned. This is why the type's patience is inexhaustible in the exact place other people's patience dies: other people run out of patience because they are waiting for something; the Punisher is not waiting. The

Punisher is holding, and holding does not deplete.

The second part is the accounting — the cognitive style that turned a wound into a method. The type does not remember emotionally; it remembers forensically: dates, figures, terms, promises, breaches. This is the engine's transmission, and the file's finding is that it is genuine competence, not obsession: the same double-entry discipline that keeps the audit airtight keeps the grievance airtight, and the type cannot have one without the other. Ask the Punisher about the wrong and you receive a filing, not a feeling — which is precisely why the wrong survives decades: feelings fade and get renegotiated; entries do not. The world calls this inability to forget. The file calls it a storage decision: the wrong is not stored as pain but as information, and information does not heal — it waits for its closing entry.

The third part is the pull — the engine's drive, and the reason this volume's name contains dragging. The pursuit is not spite; the type would be insulted by the word, and the file, having reviewed a hundred cases, sides with the type: spite is personal, hot, and satisfied by the other side's discomfort. The pull is procedural: the belief, installed at the window, that the universe holds a ledger, that entries must balance, and that the type's own signature guarantees the balancing will occur. What the wrongdoer experiences as a haunting — the letter after ten years, the claim filed the week the estate opens, the colleague who has quietly kept the receipts since 2014 — is, from inside the engine, simply work: the closing of a matter that everyone else was willing to leave open forever.

And the file must enter the engine's signature line, the one that separates this self from every grudge-holder the reader has met: the Punisher does not want the wrongdoer destroyed. The fantasy is not fire; it is arithmetic — the acknowledgment, the accounting, the entry made whole, the sentence delivered with the same patience the type has shown in waiting for it. The type wants to stop carrying. That is the engine's secret, and the tragedy the shadow will later exploit: the pursuit is a load, and the pursuer wants to put it down — but the engine, built to carry, cannot remember how to stand with empty hands.

What the Engine Says

Every engine in this catalog speaks a handful of native sentences, and the Punisher's are the most orderly in the series; the reader who hears them has heard the engine itself. "It's not about the money." — entered accurately, and never once, in a hundred files, followed by the dropping of the matter; the sentence means the accounting is not financial, which is true — the account is moral, and moral accounts do not amortize. "People think time settles things. Time doesn't settle anything; it only moves." — the founding observation, compressed to a proverb, and the engine's truest line. "I don't have to do anything. I just have to not forget." — the patience stated as policy, and the file's note that the policy is not passive: the custody is a continuous act, performed daily, on the page. And the sentence the type uses to close conversations rather than open them, delivered with the warmest expression in the type's range: "It's fine. It's documented." The reader should understand the sentence

exactly: fine is a filing status, not a feeling. Nothing in the engine's language is.

The reader who lives with the engine should also learn its silences — the places the type does not speak, because the entry is still accruing and the type's procedure holds that certain things are said once, in writing, at the proper step. The Punisher who goes quiet on a matter is not at peace with it; the silence is the docket's silence, the holding pattern before the next filing — and the file's practical note, entered for the households of this type: ask. The type, unasked, will hold the entry for a decade, patient as stone. Asked directly — "is this still open?" — the type answers, always, with the dates. It is the only engine in the catalog that wants to be asked. It was built, at the window, by a world that never asked.

One more entry belongs in the core documentation, and the file places it last because the type will dispute it longest: the witness premium. Ask the type, gently, what the custody pays — not in justice, which is the stated currency, but in the engine's secret one — and the honest answer, recovered across a hundred interviews, is always some version of this: I am the one who remembers. The wronged party healed; the neighbors forgot; the world's witnesses retired one by one, comfortably, into the amnesty it prefers. The type alone remained on the docket — and the position, entered accurately, pays a wage the engine never lists: significance. As long as the entry stays open, the self is the custodian of something the world abandoned — indispensable, correct, permanently employed by a matter that cannot end. The premium explains the finding the limits chapter will inherit: the type is not only unable to close the entry; on the ledger's darkest page, the type is, in a currency it would deny holding, motivated not to. The custody gives the self a plot — a role in the story, the one role the founding scene never offered the child: the one who does not forget. The file enters the premium without cruelty, because it is not vanity; it is the oldest economy in the catalog — a wound converted into a vocation, a vocation into a self. But the entry has a second column, and the growth chapter will read it aloud: the same premium that pays the custodian costs the person — significance held hostage to an entry that can never close, a self that has wagered its whole worth on a matter staying open — and the wager, the audit finds, was placed by a child, at a window, on the only stock the child could reach. The premium is real. So is the price. Both are entered, as the type would insist, in full.

The Engine in One Sentence

The Dragging Punisher is the self that appointed itself the world's unclosed case's last witness, and lives — patiently, forensically, for decades — for the day the entry balances and the load can finally be put down.

The First Entry — the Founding Scene Read Back

The engine deserves one exhibit the grown files surfaced late, because the ledger has a first entry, and the census finally got the interview the volume was missing: the witness to the founding scene — the one the child told, decades after the world filed it away. The case: the Punisher at fifty-two, the books balanced daily since childhood,

the open case thirty-eight years old — and the census's interview with the type's mother, the founding household's surviving witness, read the ledger's first page back to her, and the transcript is entered in full because the engine's origin has never before been described by someone who watched the entry being made: "He was nine. The record should have the date, because the whole file hangs off it: his father's partner took the business — the books, the van, the name — and walked, and the town filed it under 'bad luck' by spring. And the father — the census can have this; it's the honest part: his father did let it go. Declared the bankruptcy, took the route driving, taught the boys cards, died without mentioning the partner's name twice. The boy watched the whole town close the case and he — I want the file to have the exact moment, because I was there: the partner's car went past the market, four years on, and the market nodded to it, and my son, thirteen by then, standing beside me, said the sentence that I have heard inside every phone call since: 'everyone is acting like it didn't happen.' That's the founding entry. Not the robbery — the amnesty. The boy took the ledger up against a whole town's peace of mind, because in his arithmetic the wrong was the robbery and the wronger thing was forgetting — and the record should log what the mother saw and never said: he was keeping the case open for his father, who was too kind to keep it — carrying the resentment the man himself had put down. He grew up and became an auditor, and I want the file to note it plainly: the vocation was chosen at nine, at the market, nodding era. And one more entry, because the census asked what it cost: he has kept that partner's name current in the ledgers for thirty-eight years — newer car, retirement village, grandchildren — and the partner died in March, and my son called me, and the record should have what he said, because it's the whole volume in one line: 'the case closed itself, Mom. Before I finished it.' The sound of that call, the census should log, was not relief. It was the sound of a man reading an entry he had been owed making for thirty-eight years — and finding it robbed too." The census's annotation on the exhibit: the founding is not the wrong but the waiver — the ledger taken up against the world's closing of the case — and the file's finding, uniform across its Punishers: every one of them can name the market, the car, the nod — the moment the town closed the books and the child, standing beside it, did not — and the engine chapter enters the first entry's clause at last: the ledger was opened in love, on behalf of someone too peaceable to keep it — and the type has never once been shown the clause that follows: a case carried for another eventually bills the carrier.

Chapter 3: The Tell — Reading the Room Like an Audit

The manner that betrays the engine is the pull — and this chapter assembles the tell in the wild, the way a first glance can read the Punisher across a room before the ledger ever opens.

The first tell is the recall. Ordinary people remember old wrongs as weather — the general climate of a bad year, fading at the edges, retold with shrinking detail. The Punisher remembers old wrongs as maps: the date, the amount, the exact wording of the promise, the sequence of the breach. The file's field test: mention the old matter and listen for the calendar. "March — no, the last Friday in February, because the

payment cleared the Tuesday before, which is how I know." Nobody innocent of the engine talks like that. That is a custodian speaking, and the custodian is on duty.

The second tell is the refusal of the amnesty sentence. Watch what the Punisher does when someone says let it go, it's ancient history, at some point you have to move on. The type does not argue; the type pities — a small, patient, near-tender expression, as though the speaker has proposed balancing the books by tearing out the pages. The file's finding: the amnesty sentence is the one input the engine cannot process, because the engine's founding observation was that the world's amnesties are how wrongdoers get away; the sentence does not land as advice; it lands as the world, talking again, and the type has been declining the world's sentence since the window.

The third tell is the unhurried pursuit — the drag. The type never chases at a sprint; the pursuit proceeds at the pace of due process: the letter before the action, the action before the escalation, each step documented, each pause a filing, not a rest. Watch the type at the reunion, the settlement meeting, the funeral of the mutual friend: no scene, no confrontation — just the appearance at the edge of the wrongdoer's evening, calm and pleased, and the quiet line, delivered like a courtesy: "I haven't forgotten. I won't. You can build a life; you should just build it knowing that." The wrongdoer will describe the encounter as a threat. The file, reading the transcript, enters it as what it is: a status report, issued at intervals, for as long as the entry stays open.

The fourth tell is the vigilance for the open. The Punisher, in any room, is scanning not for danger or status but for unclosed business: the unfixed dispute between two friends, the promise made casually at the party, the neighbor's boundary that has quietly slipped two meters. Where other archetypes collect people or experiences, this type collects loose ends — and the file notes the tell's double edge: it is the secret of the type's usefulness, the reason committees keep the Punisher and victims bless the Punisher, and it is the exact mechanism of the shadow, because a self that runs on open loops will, when its own loops close, go looking for others.

How the Room Reads It — and How to Read It Back

The room reads the Punisher as bitter — and the reading is wrong, and the file corrects it: bitterness is a feeling about the past; the ledger is a practice regarding the future. The room reads the type as scary — the reading is half right: the type is only scary to the party with something unclosed, which is why the honest colleagues, the repaid friends, the balanced households of the type's life report something the guests at the party would not believe — warmth, steadiness, and a defender without equal.

The reader who wants to confirm the type in three questions asks: What is the oldest thing you're still working on? (The Punisher answers instantly, with dates.) What would it take to close it? (The answer is specific: an acknowledgment, a repayment, an entry.) And if it closed — what then? (The answer is the tell of tells: a pause. The type has no answer. The case was never supposed to end; it was supposed to balance — and the difference between those two words is where the shadow lives.)

One more instrument of the read belongs in the field guide, because it is the one the digital age made unavoidable: the paper trail. The Punisher communicates, wherever the law and the relationship permit, in writing — and the file means this precisely: not as a preference but as a procedure. The texts that arrive after every conversation, summarizing what was agreed; the email that restates the phone call; the confirmation of the small favor, acknowledged like a wire transfer; the birthday message that reads, warm and dated, like a minute. The room jokes about it — per my last message — and the joke misses the engine underneath: speech, to this self, is unrecorded, and the unrecorded is the unenforceable, and the unenforceable is where the world's wrongs walked out. So the type files its life in real time, and the reader who tracks the trail's temperature tracks the engine: the summaries in a good season are short and warm; the summaries in a cold one arrive with more detail, more restatement, more sourcing — the paper thickening exactly as the entry accrues — and the message the partner should read with the most care is the one that is completely polite, restating everything, confirming everything, entered for the record and for no other reason at all. The file's practical note, for the households of this type: the trail is not distrust of you. It is the founding wound, wearing a communication style — the child's discovery that the world's memory is unreliable, answered by a self that never lets its own memory depend on anyone's again. And the trail's one mercy, entered because the file is honest in both directions: when the type's messages stop summarizing — when they become casual, brief, unrecorded, unrehearsed — the ledger is not working on you. That is the sound of the engine at rest, and the record has learned to hear it as the rarest sentence in the type's whole correspondence: nothing, in this matter, is pending at all.

The Ledger of Statuses — a Field Guide

Because the type thinks in entries, the type speaks in statuses, and the reader who learns them can track the engine the way a pilot reads instruments. "Duly noted" — the entry has been made; the matter is on the books; nothing further will be said, and everything further has been filed. "Under review" — the type is building the sequence; steps are being drafted; the matter is active, whatever its stillness sounds like. "Resolved" — used of others' matters, and used accurately: the entry closed with the accounting attached. "Closed" — the rarest word in the type's vocabulary, and the reader should mark its appearances carefully, because the type uses it honestly: a closed entry is a finished one, and the type has almost none, which is why the word, when it appears, carries the full weight of a verdict. And the phrase the file saves for last, the one the type uses to end conversations the engine does not wish to continue in public: "I'll keep it in mind" — which the reader now knows is not a pleasantry. It is a filing decision. The matter has just been entered in the only vault the type owns, and the entry, like all the others, will wait — patient, sourced, accruing — for its step.

The Recorded Audit — the Room Read Back

The tell deserves one exhibit in full, because the census, in a single case, was permitted to log the audit from the inside — the only recorded session of a Punisher

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Aiman Sterling is the author of The Archetype Series -- a library of personality portraits drawn the way literature draws characters: the great types of human temperament, recognized at a glance, understood in depth, and followed from childhood wound to mature strength.